

Christian Reflector.

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The Christian Reflector.

For the Christian Reflector.

Not Edited.—A Vision.

Not edited, is a phrase, of as many sides as an apple, and as equivocal, in its meaning, as the countenances of men are diverse, and I to myself, as the smoke of my old Spanish was curling gracefully, in a garland, around my brow. All at once there came a strange sensation over me, as though I was mesmerized by my own powers, by looking at the point of my nose, according to the rules laid down by the devotees of India.

Not edited; not edited, seemed to be revolving in my mind, like some planet in its orbit, when, as by magic, a Mr. A. stood before me, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Mesmer. I have called to spend a little time with you and to obtain your opinion about our minister, for I am not edited. M. Why so? What now? Explain. A. I do not find any fault with him as a Christian, but I want him to preach more about diet, and less about temperance, slavery, and the coming of Christ. I am a true temperance man, and always have been, but I think there are evils flowing out of eating, as great as out of drinking. M. Do you not let that store on the corner, and was not that your barque, which cleared to-day for the Pacific, with 900 barrels of new rum?

The smoke around my head cleared away, and with it my neighbor. I turn my head, and in steps Mr. B., and before I could speak, he inquires, "How did you like our minister, yesterday?" M. Very much. His sermon was to the point. B. A little too much point. I am not edited by such a person preaching. He never will build us up. There is our neighbor Z., who is disgusted with such plainness, and you know he carries a heavy purse, and sways a powerful influence. He told me this morning, that he could not sleep last night, on account of his illustration of eternity, by a black clock and no index. It so haunted him, that he was obliged to stop his own watch at his bed-side, to sleep, and then to set it going again, for the silence was worse than its ticking. And I must say, I cannot remove from my mind an illustration he used last winter in his sermon on zeal, in which he alluded to the activity of the watch, and engine men. I have not heard the rattle of a watchman, or the rolling of an engine, or a fire bell since, without being haunted by what he said about believers being moral firemen, and the watch of Zion. M. Why, neighbor B., that is what I admire, it is so much like the teaching of our Saviour. Whenever I see my wife make bread, I am reminded of the sifting of Peter, and the leaven of the kingdom. B. It will do for Jesus Christ to illustrate doctrines by common things, but for our minister to try to imitate him, it is like David in Saul's armor.

I took another puff, and my neighbor traveled off in the smoke. As the sound of his footsteps died away, I heard them as it were renewed, and my door bell rang as though Hercules had seized it, and was striving to outdo Jupiter in his thunder. My servant introduces Mr. C., almost out of breath with the load of his own thoughts, and before we fairly had shaken hands, he exclaims, "Brother, I think our minister has about done up his work. You know that the converts seldom allude to his labors, as the cause of their conversion; and though he is a fine pastor, especially in sickness and bereavement, yet his public labors are not up to the age. In fine, I have never been much edited. I want more doctrinal preaching; more upon election, perseverance of the saints, and irresistible grace. I heard a sermon the other day, on election, and the perfect dependence of the saint in every thing, and it was a feast. I have not been troubled, till yesterday, in reference to my hope; because I am not all the time awake to duty. I believe if a man is once converted he is safe, though he does not live so much as an Arminian, as was enforced upon us yesterday. God's purpose is sure. I can't stop." As he opened the door, who should I see coming across the street, but friend D. I invite him in. D. What is Mr. C. driving at this morning? M. He came here to scold about our minister. D. I have noticed some dissatisfaction lately. You may have observed the clusters about the meeting-house door, and that they do not come in till the services are begun. M. Yes. But do you think there is much cause for complaint? D. Why, I must confess I did not like his sermon yesterday morning. It was a little too personal. His text was the great law of doing to others as we would have them do to us. I do not see why he should meddle with business; a man's trade; his debts and bargains. I thought some one ought to speak to him, and I am now going to make a call for that purpose. Exit.

I take up my paper, and what do I see, but an advertisement, that Mr. D. on the 4th, entered into Chancery, and his creditors are invited to present their accounts. Not edited! Not edited!! Poor souls. They go on and sin, and sin, and then, when the truth comes, like a flock of wounded birds, they flutter. Surely we may know to whom sinful living belongs. When Solomon ordered his servants to divide the living child, the hovel of the real mother yearned and cried, spare it! spare it! Not less true are the emotions of these talkers, saying that sin is mine; it is mine. O do not touch it!

Just as I began my soliloquy, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and as I turned, Mr. E. made me good morning. E. What did you think of our minister's second advent sermon last evening? M. Think! it was just in season. E. Do you not believe it will do more hurt than good? What good can it do to tell the people, that fifty devils have written upon this subject, all of whom differ upon the time; and especially that thirty-two, out of fifty, have been proved false by old Father Time? Have not Mr. Miller and his disciples done a great deal of good? Are there not revivals, now in progress, all over the country? Such sermons are doing the work of Satan, Mr. M., I assure you. There are the Unitarians, infidels, Universalists, and all the rabble, exulting in every grog-shop and tavern in the city. I begin to believe Mr. Miller, as I see Pilate and Herod friends. M. Do stop, Mr. C., to take breath, and let me answer a few of your questions. So you think our minister is doing Satan's work, because the irreligious approve of his discourse. It amounts to this, because Unitarians, Universalists, infidels, and the rabble approve of the exposure of the absurdities of Millenarism, the doctrine of the second advent, in 1843, is true. Such logic as this may drive away a minister, but a lawyer would slip through it as easy as into a good fee. E. I think not. I think you can't prove it. M. Let us try. The rabble, Universalists, infidels, and Millenarists, are all unbelievers in Mormonism. Suppose Mr. Miller preaches down Mormonism, and a Mormon comes to you and says, "Mr. M. is doing the work of Satan; there are all the rabble and infidels and Universalists scolding to their hearts' content, in every pit of sin in the city. As this is true, Mormonism is true, and Miller is wrong." Do you not know that the Son of God once confounded the Sadducees, and the old scribes; and that wicked Pharisees praised him for it. They were all one. Were the Sadducees right, and did Jesus do Satan's work? Your second argument is, Miller has done good directly or indirectly. Souls have been converted, therefore the second advent in 1843, should be let alone; i. e. we may do evil, or let it be done, if good comes out of it. When we can see as Omniscience sees, it will do for us to talk in this manner. I knew a number of men who came together, to have a mock sacrament. The consequence was, that several of them were awakened, and the very hall of their impiety became a place for prayer. Do you approve of this because some good came out of it? It is too late in the day, to say an act or a doctrine, which to us appears to end well, is good and not to be opposed.

Friend, I tell you what I believe, and what I think is the sentiment of our minister. If one false sentiment of our neighbor be made to be a lie, to hear the gospel, and to have it purely taught; of spreading revivals; of translating the word of God into all languages; of liberating all captives; of removing every theatre, gambling house, brothel, and drunkenness in the land; of destroying all vain and irreligious books; of drying up all tears, and filling the soul of the fatherless and widows with peace; of opening new fountains of happiness to unnumbered millions; you would not be at liberty to give that infirm sentiment to the world. Yea more, if it would give to the sick health; to the blind sight; to the deaf ears; to the lame soundness; to the lunatic rationality; to the prisoners liberty; and as by magic, draw over the earth the glorious train of millenium blessedness, no man might utter that false sentiment; were he to do it in such a temptation, God must condemn him, for were he not to do it, the throne of eternity would be levelled to that of the pit, and Satan and Jehovah might be acclaimed a brotherhood of devils.

Just at this moment my wife called me to dinner, and my vision was interrupted.

Had this been done with all we issued, they would have hardly produced less than \$10 a piece, and that would have given the gospel a whole year to many thousands of people who are now destitute of that blessing. Brethren, will you think of that, hunt up the copy sent you, and give it a reading before your people, accompanied with a prayer for our prosperity.

For the Christian Reflector.
G. D. Boardman,
MISSIONARY TO TAYO, IN BURMAH.

Long, long had Burma lain in night,
When holy truth's uprising sun
Tinged with its mild and ray light
The mountains of her mountain day.
With love of him who died to save,
Went forth a messenger of heaven,
By golden, cross the grave,
Laying down his life for ever given.

From his home, and kindred souls,
Where Kenebec's bright current rolls
From Zion's gates, from country town—
And e'er the trackless ocean borne,
With firm resolve, but many a tear,
He sought the shore where pagans dwell,
The cross of dying love to rear
Between them and the gates of hell.

For love, and eloquence profound,
At home he might have been renowned,
And left at last full many a year,
Whence burning thoughts their radiant throw,
And thus have lit another age.

And won his eulogies; but not
Rather than leave behind a name,
To shine in science, song, or story,
Bring sons and daughters unto glory!

He knew that earth's darkest hour,
Would bid her hosts with him engage;
Would pierce the heaviest storm
Upon his path might spend its rage;

He knew that earth's darkest hour,
Would bid her hosts with him engage;
Would pierce the heaviest storm
Upon his path might spend its rage;

A life of toil, a life of care,
He knew that from the Indian sky
The sun looks down with withering eye,
And all eyes in the world shall stare
The full moon looks the same

Till pestilence becomes a curse
In its tremendous havoc there!
But fully armed to battle stand,
Beyond the thought of turning back,
Love casts his heart in triple steel,
And error's ranks, the stake, the rack,
For him, for him, for him, for him,
Had sought that could his soul appeal!

No dreams romantic had he nursed;
He went prepared to 'bide the worst.
Some heathen tribes the gospel greet,
As caravans the desert's fountain;
And others, where the sun's hot glare
Looks beautiful upon their mountains,
Yet Burma's sons, unmoved and still,
Turned from the standard he unfurled;

Or with contempt and haughty scorn
Against him, scoffs and threatenings hurled.
But trusting in the Spirit's power,
Indifference could not quench his zeal;
And what was danger's roar and din,
And every menace men could deal,
To one whom God had given to him,
That made the grave the gate of heaven?

Read were his labors, and his tears,
Life's flame of comfort where he drew;
O, how sad! in childhood's bloom
He saw his first-born's funeral shroud,
And mourning—forced alone to tend
The sick-bed of his father's friend,
A slow but sure disease became
The inmate of his wasting frame.

How felt he now, while on his knees
Of mortal life that fearful host?
"My hand has grown upon my sword,
And death shall find me as I stand;
Some high, precipitous, jagged rock,
I've seen withstand the tempest's shock;
Through round it boomed the lightning's flash,
And under the deep, earth-shaking crash
Of darkness storm clouds' volleys thunder,
Yet still the onset fierce and rash
Knew not the towering peak's sounder!

O! I have felt as such a power
That rock a spectacle sublime;
But yet, a lofty soul contending
With such a mortal tempest's might,
And yet undaunted and unbending,
To me for a sublimer sight!

But in his life's last closing days,
God crowned his toils with special grace,
And woke the voice of his praise
Among converts in the Athlete place.
The dwellers in the woods and glens—
The poor, untutored, mild Karens,
As to their lonely valleys ply,
And spoke of mercy from above,
With wonder heard the Saviour's name,
Till moved to penitence and love!
And mid the jungles of their mountains,
On started up the wild bear's din,
To hear below, by streams and fountains,
Ring out the sweet baptismal hymn.

O! never such joy did warrior feel,
To see embattled hosts at his feet,
Nor felt, when victory's laurels wearing,
And trophies of a conqueror's deed,
He moved the pages of a crowd,
Pursued by acclaim and shout,
No, never felt he joy so sweet
As that lone missionary felt,
When, bending at Immanuel's feet,
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To see embattled hosts at his feet,
Nor felt, when victory's laurels wearing,
And trophies of a conqueror's deed,
He moved the pages of a crowd,
Pursued by acclaim and shout,
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VOL. VI.—NO. 12.

Funds are needed to meet the expenditure of Bible operations by the missionaries of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions.

we have been able to appropriate only \$6,000 towards meeting this debt.

Funds are also greatly needed for the printing and distribution of the Scriptures by the English Baptist Missionaries in India, who have access with their translations.

one hundred million translations to more
us to the commencement of heathens. Pre-
year, they informed us that their present
0,000 for their biblical operations they needed
could advantageously use about \$20,000.
ing as in former years on the benevolence
the American churches, that

estimated this sum in their expenditures; yet we have not been able to make them appropriate, the grant for the Orissa structures under the supervision of Mr. Sutton being included in this statement. For these objects, to say nothing of many whose claims demand attention.

most earnestly desired that this
of the Society without delay. This
should be done quickly, for while
tarditate and linger, the heathen perish by
hundreds, unblest with that light which

that God designed for all nations, and in our hands to extend to them. The members of the churches are entreated to make this appeal before their congregations for a period as possible, that every benevolent Christian may have an opportunity of contributing for their diffusion, as the progress of the Gospel is the glory of the Church.

Religious Books in India.

he has taken in the Maharratta
the effects of former circulations of
and other books were quite aston-
found," he says, "at the very
the province, never before visited
ary, several individuals who, prin-
gh their instrumentality

Robinson's door who said they
about the camp in search of
the report of my having

town of Disa. To my inquiry, they readily and emphatically answered, 'We are Christians.' We invited them to a bungalow where we were holding our meetings, and with them and addressed them on the interest of their immortal souls, who took the opportunity to

marked that he teaches Christ-
who listen to him, and re-
which they

ledge, he said, he had re-
and from conversation with
from Bengal, named K. R.
Christianity he had assumed,
propagate Christianity he
and carried on without con-
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Disa a copy of a Gujarati
The Great Inquiry,' and a
scribed 'The First Book
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J. & H. A. WEBSTER,
JOBBER OF DRY GOODS
FOR CASH.
No. 5 Central, near Kilby Street,
BOSTON
JOSUA WEBSTER, }
HENRY A. WEBSTER, }
March 9.

